Duke. What is the matter ſir?

Lear. Ile tell thee, life and death! I am aſham'd that thou haſt power to ſhake my manhood thus, that theſe hot teares that breake from me perforce, ſhould make the worſt blaſts and fogs vpon the vntented woundings of a fathers curſſe, pierce euery ſence about the old fond eyes, beweepe this cauſe againe, ile pluck you out, & you caſt with the waters that you make to temper clay, yea, i'ſt come to this? yet haue I left a daughter, whom I am ſure is kind and comfortable, when ſhee ſhall heare this of thee, with her nailes ſhee'l flea thy woluiſh viſage, thou ſhalt find that ile reſume the ſhape, which thou doſt thinke I haue caſt off for euer, thou ſhalt I warrant thee.

Gon. Doe you marke that my Lord?

Duke. I cannot bee ſo partiall *Gonorill* to the great loue I beare you,

Gon. Come ſir no more, you, more knaue then foole, after your maſter?

Foole. Nunckle *Lear*, Nunckle *Lear*, tary and take the foole with a fox when one has caught her, and ſuch a daughter ſhould ſure to the ſlaughter, if my cap would buy a halter, ſo the foole followes after.

Gon. What *Oſwald*, ho. *Oſwald.* Here Madam.

Gon. What haue you writ this letter to my ſiſter?

Oſw. Yes Madam.

Gon. Take you ſome compàny, and away to horſe, informe her full of my particular feares, and thereto add ſuch reaſons of your owne, as may compact it more, get you gon, & haſten your returne now my Lord, this milkie gentlenes and courſe of yours though I diſſlike not, yet vnder pardon y'are much more attaskt for want of wiſedome, then praiſe for harmfull mildnes.

Duke. How farre your eyes may pearce I cannot tell, ſtriuing to better ought, we marre whats well.

Gon. Nay then. *Duke.* Well, well, the euent, *Exeunt*

Enter Lear.

Lear. Goe you before to *Gloſter* with theſe letters, acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, then comes from her demand out of the letter, if your diligence be not ſpeedie, I ſhall be there before you.

Kent.

Kent. I will not ſleepe my Lord, t
letter.

Foole. If a mans braines where in h
ger of kibes? *Lear.* I boy.

Foole. Then I prethe be mery, thy

Lear. Ha ha ha.

Foole. Shalt ſee thy other daughter
though ſhees as like this, as a crab is lik
I can tel.

Lear. Why what canſt thou tell m

Foole. Sheel taſt as like this, as a
canſt not tell why ones noſe ſtande in

Lear. No.

Foole. Why, to keep his eyes on e
a man cannot ſmell out, a may ſpie in

Lear. I did her wrong.

Foole. Canſt tell how an Oyſter m

Foole. Nor I neither, but I can tell

Lear. Why?

Foole. Why, to put his head in,
daughter, and leaue his hornes witho

Lear. I will forget my nature, ſo k
readie?

Foole. Thy Aſſes are gone about t
ſeuen ſtarres are no more then ſeuen,

Lear. Becauſe they are not eight.

Foole. Yes thou wouldſt make a g

Lear. To tak't againe perforce, M

Fool. If thou wert my foole Nunc
being old before thy time.

Lear. Hows that?

Foole. Thou ſhouldſt not haue be
beene wiſe.

Lear. O let me not be mad ſweet h
keepe me in temper, I would not be

Seruant. Readie my Lord.

Foole. Shee that is maide now, an
Shall not be a maide long, except thi

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